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## Captivation: Want Nothing But You By Adolf Dunne Chapter 414

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Rachel didn't realize that after she allowed to let Victor stay for one night, he never moved out again Rachel headed up the stairs with Joey in her arms and did not come out of her room again. She sat on the edge of the bed, gently stroking Joey's back and singing a lullaby. Katie curled up into a small snow-white ball of fur and started to yawn, feeling sleepy. Rachel lifted her eyes to give Katie a look. For some reason or another, the image of Victor standing behind her just now flashed through her mind, and the image of Victor clenching his fists and saying in a low voice he wanted to talk to her also shot through her mind.

Rachel pursed her lips tightly and turned away, forcing herself to think about other things. She bowed her head down and looked at the little face of Joey who was now fast asleep. Then she raised her hand and touched his face.

In fact, she could turn down Joey tonight. And Joey would not say a word. Victor had no right to say anything either. At the same time, she still agreed.

On one hand, she didn't want to disappoint Joey. Maybe she realized Joey wanted his father's love. Every time Rachel caught sight of Joey's bright eyes, she didn't have it in her to refuse him.

On the other hand... Rachel had no idea what the other reason was. She had been a little absent minded at that time. When Joey told her that Victor was homeless, she suddenly knew that Victor might really not have a place to stay tonight like

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Joey said. Now that the house had quieted down, Rachel started to feel regretful for agreeing to let Victor stay. She even couldn't figure out why she had pitied Victor like that.

Victor was homeless? Rachel couldn't contain her laughter. Even if it was true that all the people in Apliaria had no place to stay, the CEO of the Sullivan Group would never become a homeless person.

Rachel should be the one to be pitied, but it was ridiculous that she was feeling bad for her enemy.

Rachel placed her hand into her pocket and felt around for the praying pendant in it. She pressed her thumb against the sharp corner to remind herself not to forget everything with the pain.

'Rachel, you can never forget. You can never forget the death of Abby, the huge effort you made to leave Victor, a devil in disguise, and also the difficult time you had after Joey was born.'

Watching Rachel and Joey disappear around the corner, Victor turned his head away.

Lukas was overjoyed and said, "Mr. Sullivan, I'll have someone clean up your room." As soon as Lukas said this, he was already asking the servants to clean up the room, but the room actually didn't need any cleaning. Victor's room was basically the same as before. Even though Victor didn't return during this period of time, Lukas would come in and clean it regularly every day.

It had already been a month since Victor was injured. It was late autumn now. When Lukas found out that Rachel was still alive and that she didn't look at Victor with the same eyes anymore, he knew that she didn't love Victor anymore. But when Rachel moved back into Sue Garden later, he saw a glimmer of hope again.

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Lukas was there to see Victor grow up and knew Victor worked hard every day in the past four years. like a robot that never rested. He knew that Victor did this to numb himself. He started to harbor expectations that Rachel and Victor would start over. In this way, even if he happened to die, he could fulfill Carolyn's wishes. But just like that, more than half a month had gone by and Victor did not come back to the Sue Garden but moved to the Gentlefolk.

Later, Victor would always return when Rachel was away from Sue Garden as if the two people had made a clean break with each other and did not want to see each other.

Though Lukas was feeling anxious, he could do nothing but watch. Now that Rachel had agreed to let Victor live there, did that mean they were very likely to start over again?

"Lukas, is Joey very sick?" Victor asked.

"Joey's sick?"

After hearing this, Lukas appeared puzzled.

"No, Mr. Sullivan. Who told you that? Miss Bennett has been taking real good care of Joey ever since Joey caught a cold and fever last time. I haven't heard any word that Joey is sick." Victor's eyes darkened noticeably when he recalled what Ameer had told him over the phone.

Ameer had said that Rachel went to the doctor's today. If Joey wasn't the one who was sick, then it must mean it was Rachel who was sick. Victor recalled what happened that night at the Waterfront Hotel. Even though he was drugged that night, he still remembered everything that had happened. He thought back to how he had touched the protruding scar on Rachel's abdomen at that time. She

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had told him it was caused when she jumped into the sea. At that time, Victor was doing everything he could to make Rachel stay and not leave him.

But it slipped his mind to ask what Rachel had experienced in the past four years. What had happened shortly after she jumped into the sea? Was she hurt anywhere else? He had heard the rescuer say that the situation in the sea was very tumultuous. If a living person jumped into its waters, the chances for survival were very slim. Under such a low probability, how could Rachel survive and what exactly did she face at that time? As he was thinking about this, Victor felt a sharp pang in his heart and even his fingertips grew numb. He did not have the heart to think any further. He was afraid he would ask Rachel and he knew after he found out, he would use all the despicable means to make her stay with him.

But he knew he couldn't do that now.

When Victor came back to his room, he pulled out his phone and saw a text message from a strange number.

"Did you block me?"

After looking at this text, Victor knew that Carson had just used his servant's phone to send him this message.

After deleting the message, Victor blocked the phone number Carson used just now and stopped blocking Carson's number. As soon as Victor did that, his phone started to ring. The call just so happened to be from Carson.' It appeared that Carson had never given up calling Victor.

"Come on, don't bother hiding! Where is my teammate? Damn it! Why are you rushing to get in front of us?! What's wrong with you?" As soon as the call was connected, Victor could make out the voice of Carson and the background music of the game he was playing..

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“Ah? Why is there no sound right now? What is wrong with my phone?” Carson was completely caught up in his game and he didn’t hear the beep. He suddenly paused right then. He was actually calling Victor while playing a game. Carson turned his head around and discovered that the call was connected.

“Aced!” The game system suddenly notified Carson that he was the only remaining survivor of the red team. Carson was startled when he found out that the phone had been connected. He was immediately hit by his enemy and it was game over for him!

All the people of the red team were killed in the game. But Carson no longer had any time to play the game at this time. He quickly picked up his phone and shouted out loud, “Shit! Mr. Sullivan, you finally stopped blocking my number?!”

There was a moment of silence on the other end of the phone.

“Please help me investigate something.”

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“You’re Victor Sullivan, and you have access to everything. Is there anything in this world you can’t find out?” Carson slumped back with his brows raised, and half of his body sank into the sofa. Victor raised his eyes toward the second floor.

After a moment of silence, he said in a low voice, “Help me check where Rachel went today.”

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Carson stopped playing with his phone in an instant “Do you think Rachel and Ameer...?”

“No.” Victor’s eyes darkened as he abruptly interrupted him. He moved his hand and reached for his pocket and felt the dark blue diamond inside. He didn’t stop until his fingertip touched the edge. He then spoke in a low, cold tone. “I won’t allow it.”

The sky was pitch black. It was already two o’clock in the morning. Victor had been working remotely in the living room, and he would occasionally look up at the second floor. It was quiet there. After he finished his work, his phone suddenly rang. He took off his glasses and rubbed his temple, then picked up his phone and called for the servant who was standing not far behind him.

“Make me a cup of coffee,” Victor ordered. The servant nodded, turned around and headed toward the kitchen. At the same time, Victor’s gaze was drawn to the message sent by Carson. It was a yawning emoji. Right after that, another notification popped. Victor tapped the screen and entirely displayed his next message.

“I checked it. Rachel took Joey to a psychological hospital this afternoon. I had no idea Apliaria had one until today. The psychologist they visited earlier today has a master’s degree and graduated from Harvard.”

‘A psychologist?’ Victor’s eyes narrowed after reading Carson’s text. Victor exhaled a sigh of relief after learning that Rachel wasn’t ill, but when he thought about the fact that she had gone to see a psychologist today made him feel uneasy.

Why would she see a psychologist? Did something happen when she jumped into the sea four years ago? Had she been receiving psychological treatment?

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Victor was heartbroken just thinking about it.

“Mr. Sullivan, your coffee is ready,” the servant said as she placed the cup of freshly brewed coffee on the table.

“Okay.” He picked it up and took a sip, then he received another message from Carson. “I forgot to mention that this psychologist is an expert in treating depression. But what was Rachel doing there?”

‘Depression? Victor was taken aback and froze in place. Rachel... Had she been suffering from depression all this time? When did it start? Why hadn’t he noticed it when they were together? He put the cup of coffee down with a thud and suddenly stood up. The servant’s face grew pale when she saw this. She lowered her head quickly, assuming that he didn’t like the coffee she had prepared for him.

“...I’m sorry, Mr. Sullivan. I will make you another cup of coffee right away.”

Trembling with fear, the servant kept her head down. She reached out and was about to pick up the coffee on the table. She was expecting Victor to say something, so she prepared herself. However, after a long while, the servant still didn’t hear Victor’s voice.

Soon, she couldn’t feel his anger anymore, but she still remained nervous. She kept her gaze on the floor, sweating buckets, and didn’t dare to move.

She stood there waiting, to the point her feet were already numb. And because of nervousness, she started to feel a little dizzy. She didn’t think she could go on any longer, and if she had to, she would beg for his forgiveness.

When she was done contemplating, she shut her eyes in fear and raised her head slowly.

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Her heart was pounding like crazy, but when she opened her eyes, Victor was nowhere to be found in the room.

The servant's legs wobbled, and she fell to her knees. Victor couldn't care less about coffee right now. His mind was preoccupied with the possibility of Rachel being depressed. He felt something stuck in his throat and didn't know what to do. He eagerly wanted to ask Rachel about her current situation, and why she hadn't told him about how she was doing. He also wanted to know what happened to her in the past four years when she had gone missing. But he held himself back. Whenever Rachel was involved, he would always seem to lose control. When he came to his senses, he was already standing in front of Joey's room.

Surprisingly, the door wasn't completely closed, leaving a small crack. Victor assumed it was for better ventilation. He leaned in closer and peered through the crack, seeing Joey's bedside lamp with dimmed yellow light, illuminating a small part of his room. When he pushed the door open, he saw what was going on inside.

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